THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

No. XIX.—AUGUST 15, 1797.

Political Miscellany.

FROM THE CENTINEL.

FRENCH INFLUENCE,

STILL TRIUMPHANT.

MR. RUSSEL, *No. X.*

WHEN I had *laſt*, the honor to addreſs the public, thro' the medium of your paper, I did not intend to have made any further remarks upon the conſpiracy of Blount, until *now*, and the guardian angel of America, had fully developed, the dark *arcanum* of this diſgraceful tranſaction.

The cauſe of federaliſm, ever hath been and I truſt ever will be ſupported not merely by the naked influence of truth, but by the force of *enlightened* conviction. It has been the diſtinguiſhed characteriſtic of its defenders, that documents not to be doubted, proofs the moſt poſitive, have been always adduced to ſupport their aſſertions.

On the other hand, it has been uniformly the pernicious policy of its buſy, and virulent oppoſers, to ſhroud themſelves in impenetrable myſteries. Conſcious that inveſtigation would defeat their baleful projects, they have veiled themſelves in blind inuendos, and dark inſinuations.

On the firſt appearance of diſcovery, which would throw a merited odium upon their party or their principles, or upon the firſt adoption of a meaſure, which will probably diminiſh their influence, or defeat their projects, they inſtantly raiſe a hue and cry to drown the voice of honeſt patriotiſm, or conjure up a miſty cloud to ſcreen from the public eye, their *trueſt* intereſt.

Like thieves purſued, they zealouſly join the general clamour, that their *gods* may eſcape *diſcoſſion*. By pompous profeſſions of their own purity, and by an *over-zealous* crimination of their oppoſers, the Jacobins always aim at exciting the *paſſions* of the *people*, before their underſtandings have opportunity to examine into the truth. They know that public clamour, is like a torrent, which in its deſtructive courſe, ſweeps away every veſtige of human wiſdom or exertion. By exciting it therefore they hope to overwhelm the monument of law, order and public authority. Thus in the caſe of the treaty with Great-britain, no arts, no intrigues, no falſhoods were omitted, to excite the prejudices & inflame the paſſions of the people.

They

They ushered it into public with falsehood, by publishing a mutilated abstract. They divulged it with perfidy, by prostituting the honor of an American Senator. They distributed it with the rapidity of the telegraph, and promoted instant discussions of it in illegal assemblies, that they might produce premature censure;—proud ambition leagued with stupid folly.—Hoary age combined with unprincipled youth to disgrace, to disorganize, to destroy the energies of their country. Vain *plebeians* and decripid *governors* alike agreed in the condemnation of this unfortunate treaty, and alike discovered that this wonderful act of administration was "*pregnant*" with ruin to their country.

But on a *cool* discussion of its merits, it was found to contain none of those hedious qualities which had been artfully, hastily and industriously ascribed to it.

So also on the first rumour of the scandalous and disgraceful defection of Randolph, the Jacobin presses, and Jacobin spouters, teemed with eulogies on his merit, as a patriot and republican, and charged his opponents with the cruel calumny for daring to suggest his guilt. Even on the appearance of Fauchet's bungling "*exculpatory*" certificate, and the still more miserable apology of the Secretary himself, they endeavored to predispose the public opinion in their favor; seize on all the avenues to the public understanding, and introduce the "*forlorn hope*" of his innocence and integrity.

Unfortunately in this instance as well as the other, the public undertook to read and judge for themselves, and Edmund Randolph was suffered without a struggle to sink into the infamy which he merited.

In the case of Wm. Blount, the Jacobins are attempting to act the same farce—they are zealously endeavoring to call up the passions and prejudices of the people against their old enemies the British. French influence is now zealously co operating with *party* spleen, in throwing the whole odium of this dishonorable transaction upon the British minister or his nation. They know full well, that the post once seized by a bold coup de main, may be easily defended. It would have been the wish of every honest American, to have possessed *all* the *facts* before an opinion was formed. But if the *enemy* will attack us without an open declaration of war, we must defend with the best weapons we can command.

To every *real* friend to his country, if treason or perfidy must exist in our nation, it is very immaterial whether it be occasioned by British or French intrigues. But as the French party (to favor the views of their masters) have contrived to connect the *administration* of our government with British politics, and to insinuate the absurd idea, that that nation has an ascendency in our cabinet, and as the *old rooted* prejudices of the nation favor these suggestions, it is the duty of every good citizen, to oppose and obstruct so dangerous a principle. Let us then my fellow citizens, coolly ask ourselves, whether

there

there exists a shadow of evidence—whether there has been exhibited a *maximum* of probability, that the British minister or his nation co-operated or even countenanced the measure? *Prejudice* apart, if the Emperor of Russia had a minister here, and he had been charged in the same way, and the same appearances had existed, should we have entertained the smallest suspicion of his guilt?

Candid men will answer—No. Some arguments weighty in my mind were before suggested by me on this subject. No material facts have since occurred, but on a more careful and liberal examination, I am confirmed in my *first* opinion. Another conspirator has since been detected—embarked in the same plot—engaged in the same scheme. Is this man a partizan of the British? Is he intimate with the British Minister? Is he a Federalist?—No—A reviler of the British nation—a rooted enemy to the administration of his country—a Democrat in his principles, and it is said, an active member of a *dissolved* Jacobin Club. But above all, an admirer of the French nation—an advocate for French principles—a defender of French insults. It is *singular* that the British Minister should have made choice of *such tools*.

But how could the British Minister or nation, in any way encourage this plot? Nations *commonly consult* their interests either real or imaginary.

The British by *sea* as the letter suggests, could afford *no* aid to such a project. Their ships could *never* be navigated to the destined scene of operation. By land they could afford no assistance however feeble. Drained to the *last man*, by this exterminating and desolating war, their western troops having nearly all reposed their bones in the sultry climate of St. Domingo. Canada, poisoned by French principles, can hardly be retained in subjection. Whence then should they procure their levies? The idea is absurd, the project impracticable. Could Blount with *all his influence*, collect men in despite of our neutrality—in defiance of severe laws?

The French in the summit of their glory, while Genet was domineering over the Southern states, and scattering his *louis d'ors* with boundless profusion, made a miserable figure at an attempt of this sort—witness the *pitiful* expedition under Gen. Clark—and yet that country was *then* boiling over with French principles, and they acted more like *mad fous enfuttes* then like the sober citizens of a *free* country.

The British *Minister and nation* were not unapprized of these facts. Could they then entertain a feeble hope of essential aid from a country, inflamed in favor of their most inveterate foes, and bitterly prejudiced against the British nation? The idea is too absurd to be indulged. For what purpose should the British conquer this country? To surrender it disgracefully the next year? For, retain it they could not, and from their policy, I believe they would not if they could. The whole mystery will be satisfactorily explained by supposing the French to be at the bot-

tom

tom of this conſpiracy, which I ſhall attempt to prove hereafter.

LEONIDAS.

COMMUNICATIONS
FOR THE NEW STAR.

PREPARATION for the SABBATH.

IT is a matter of common obſervation, that the moſt trifling conſideration is ſufficient to induce us to neglect the attendance on the divine worſhip of the Deity. If the leaſt article of our apparel is out of order—if there is an appearance of a ſhower—if the hair is not dreſt and powdered—or if we apprehend or feel any ſlight indiſpoſition whatever, it operates immediately againſt our attendance at meeting. From theſe, we may obſerve the ſlight eſtimation in which religion is now conſidered.

With religion and morality, the proſperity and happineſs of a country are ſo interwoven, as to riſe or fall, languiſh or revive with them. What then muſt be our reflection, when the great decreaſe at this day of theſe ſubſtantial pillars is conſidered. From whence (we may aſk) ſprings the neglect? Are we leſs beholden to Heaven for favors than our anceſtors, who conſidered the duties of religion as abſolutely neceſſary? or are we more virtuous and juſt and conſequently have leſs occaſion for its ſacred rites? Or are we callous to every principle of gratitude or feeling, and ſo far plunged in vice, as to conceive that we owe nothing to our Maker, and go on in a career that ſo care nothing about eternity!

From whatever of theſe cauſes the neglect may ariſe, the guilt is equally the ſame; nor have we a very long time to look for a remedy—Our life is but a ſpan, and too ſhort, however early we begin for the great work of thorough reformation. Young as well as old, ought to enter on this work immediately, as the time will certainly come when repentance ſhall be too late, when the doors that lead to the temple of grace ſhall be ſhut to them, never to be opened.

MAN & WIFE.

IF you ſee a man and woman, with little occaſion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be ſure they are *man and wife*.

If you ſee a lady and gentleman in the ſame carriage, in profound ſilence, the one looking out at one window, the other at the oppoſite ſide, be aſſured they mean no harm to each other, but are *man & wife*.

If you ſee a lady accidentally let fall a glove or handkerchief, and a gentleman who is next her tell of it that ſhe herſelf may pick it up, let them down for *man and wife*.

If

If you see a man and woman walk in the fields, at 20 rods distance in a direct line, and the man striding over a stile, and still going on *sans ceremonia*, you may swear they are—*man and wife*.

If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of every person present, except one man, and he speaks to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it they are—*man and wife*.

If you see a male and female constantly thwarting each other, under the appellation of my dear, my love, be assured they are—*man and wife*.

POLITENESS—AN EXTRACT.

THE best rules for Politeness are to be found in that religion which requires us to love one another, to be gentle and courteous, to avoid offences, to become innocently all things to all men; in honor to prefer one another, and to esteem others better than ourselves.

On Hard Times.

THE scarcity of cash is a general complaint, and it has got to be so fashionable to complain of hard times and the scarcity of money, that debtors seem to think that they have sufficiently satisfied their creditors, if they tell them the times are hard and money scarce. This has so long been the theme, that the people almost universally believe it, altho' it is a falsehood. Every generation and age thinks the former days and times were better than the present. This, however, is a mistake, founded on false surmises, and vain imaginations. The original principles of human nature are the same in every age, and ever have been since the fall. Times are easy where men do their duty; but when they deviate from that, and enter the road of vice, indolence and licentiousness, then difficulties embarrass, and troubles perplex them.

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Sense, is Disable.

No. V.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

DON QUIXOTE was not the only man that ever built castles in the air. There are many Knights' errant in modern times, who follow the trade of their famous predecessor. The most noted are the new order, the Knights of the long face, whose air castles have all vanished by the sorcery of the famous Georgian Necromancer Jackson. These poor Sancho Panzas, instead of being governors of Islands, or Lords paramount of plantations on the Mississippi lands, and having their

numerous

numerous vaſſals to defend their ſupurb palaces and caſtles, are obliged, according to the ſtrict letter of the Engliſh law, to make caſtles of their preſent humble tenements, to defend themſelves againſt the ſiege of the baliff. It is eaſy making land on paper, and ſtill eaſier building air caſtles upon it: the country you ſee is full of them from the Gulph of Mexico to Hudſon's Bay. But, gentle reader, if thou haſt a library and a handſome income, thou hadſt much better amuſe thyſelf with thy books and enjoy thy competency by the fire ſide, than riſk thy all, by engaging windmills with Don Quixote. If thou haſt a wife and children, who depend on thy daily labour for their ſupport, read only half the hiſtory of poor Sancho's diſappointments, and thou wilt never leave thy family to go in ſearch of adventures, or quit the honourable poſt of honeſt induſtry from the deluſive hope of becomeing a governour. Thy little farm is of more conſequence to thee than a million acres of the new emiſſion of counterfeit land; and a cottage in the woods is much better than a caſtle in the air.

No. VI.

MORE CASTLES IN THE AIR.

LAND ſpeculators are not the only perſons who build caſtles in the air; thouſands are built upon lottery tickets. Four or five dollars laid out this way will rear as ſplendid a caſtle as ever was poſſeſſed by a feudal lord in Chriſtendom; but it is an air caſtle. The deluded fabricator alters it a hundred times; gets it completly finiſhed to his mind; is about to enter it with his equipage, livery, and every thing in ſtile—luckleſs man! the wheel of fate has blanked his airy proſpects. His hopes are more hopeleſs, his poverty more penurious than ever. This is expenſive gambling. If I did not ſuppoſe the ſagacious makers of our laws, and patrons of our colleges, did not ſee ſome good reſulting from this evil, which lies entirely hid from my dim ſight, I ſhould loſe half my reſpect for the ſenatorial gown and clerical wig, and declare that a bridge, or a college, built by a lottery, was no better than a caſtle in the air.

Some, more given to cenſure than myſelf, might aver that they were only playing a game of loo on a large ſcale, and by ſome artful ſhuffle kept the pam in their own hands.

Of all people, authors, eſpecially poets, are the moſt expert at building caſtles in the air. But it becomes me, who am only picking herbs for family uſe, in the humble vallies of proſe, to be more free with my ſuperiours, who are gathering flowers on the top of Parnaſſus; much leſs to ſay to me of them, while he is bounding over Parnaſſus, Caucaſus, and even Bunker hill,* and ſeeling among the clouds for the moſt airy of the air

* *A little hill near Boſton, which and ſtamped upon of late, by the hoof of Pegaſus and buſkins of a bachanalian club, that, for a ſhort time, was almoſt puffed to the ſize of the largeſt mountains in the poet's map.*

air castles, the temple of fame, that one foot is in the grave of oblivion and the other just a going.

MORAL REPOSITORY.

A HINT,
On sleeping in time of Divine Service.

THE horrid habit of sleeping in church is a source of pain to others, and shame, more than any thing else, the vivacity of a preacher.—Constant sleepers at sermon, are public nuisances. There are some, who have regularly attended a place of worship for seven years, twice a day, and yet have not heard one whole sermon in all that time. This dreamers are a constant distress to their preachers, and could sober reason operate on them, they would soon be ashamed. In regard to their health, would any but a stupid man chuse such a place to sleep in? In respect to their character, what can be said for him who in his sleep makes mouths and wry faces, and exhibits strange postures, & sometimes snorts, farts and talks in his sleep, rendering himself ridiculous to the very children in the place? Where is his prudence, when he gives such occasion to malicious persons to suspect him of gluttony by sleeping in the day time? Where is his breeding? He ought to respect the company present; what an offensive rudeness to sit down and sleep before them! Above all, where is his fear of God? There will come a time in the existence of this wretched drone, in which he will find the Philistines surprising the idler, who was born in his sleep.

Ministers have tried a number of methods to rid our assemblies of this vicious practice. Some have reasoned, some have spoken louder, some have whispered, some threatened to name the sleeper, and have actually named him, some have cried fire! some have left off preaching. Dr. Young sat down and wept. Bishop Abbot took out his testament and read Greek. Each of these awakened the auditors for the time —But the destruction of the habit belongs to the sleeper himself; and if neither reason nor religion can excite him, why, he must sleep on I think, till death and judgment awake him.

THE RIVULET.

COMMUNICATED
FOR THE STAR.

ELEGIAC ODE,
On the Death of Dr. FRANKLIN.

THE fairest flow'rets bring,
In all their vernal bloom!
And let the sweets of spring
Adorn great Franklin's tomb.

The patriot's toil is done,
At length his labors cease!
The unfading crown is won;
His sun descends in peace.

The Sons of Science grieve;
The patriot heaves a sigh,
And scarcely will believe
That so much worth can die.

No—deathless is that name,
Which ages shall admire;

And

And Franklin's ſplendid fame,
Shall but with time expire.

While rapid lightnings fly,
While awful thunders roll,
While meteors gild the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole.

Mankind ſhall ſtill admire,
When Franklin's name they hear,
Who ſnatch'd celeſtial fire,
And broke the oppreſſor's ſpear.

Through every future age,
While hiſt'ry holds the pen,
She'll rank our virtuous ſage
Among the firſt of men:

And when ſhe counts her ſons,
Who earn'd immortal fame,
Will next to WASHINGTON's,
Record our Franklin's *name.*

EPITAPH on Dr. FRANKLIN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The Body of
BENJ. FRANKLIN, Printer,
(Like the cover *of an old book,*
Its contents worn out,
And ſtrip'd of its lettering & gilding)
Lies here food for worms,
Yet the work ſhall not be loſt,
For it ſhall (as he believed) appear
[*once more,*
In a new
And moſt beautiful edition,
Corrected and revized
By the Author.

EPITAPH

ON AN ATTORNEY.

HERE lieth one, who often lied *before,*
But now he lieth here, he'll LIE *no more.*

BANQUET of COMUS.

A SAILOR paſſing by a ſhoemaker's ſhop, in New-York, obſerved a ſign over the door, upon which was painted, Adam Strong, Shoemaker. Which he read thus A. d-a-m *dam* S-t-r-o-n-g *ſtrong*, S h-o-e-m-a-k-e-r, *Shoemaker*, a dam ſtroog ſhoemaker. Faith, ſays he, if he is ſuch a workman as that, I will ſtop and buy a pair of his ſhoes.

A number of gentlemen dining one day upon Salmon, ſome of them preferred pickerel, others preferred mackeral, &c. An Iriſhman ſtanding by, ſays, be Jaſus, of all the fiſh in the ſea, I prefer *pork and peaſe*.

GREAT eaters have generally but dull intellects. Your dromedary is ſaid to have four ſtomachs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Polite Philoſopher—by way of the Poſt-Office—His pieces ſhall appear in ſome future papers—We aſk a continuance of his aid, and thank him for his *politeneſs* and *munificence*.

☞ Several Communications are under conſideration.